Week ending April 3 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

3,000 BABIES
Get a New Chance to Live

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.—Page 6

VARIETY for Breakfast

MORE RECIPES AND IDEAS

Many women find that breakfast is the most difficult meal to provide. For one thing, there's not the time for those clever tricks of cooking and flavouring that ring the changes with other meals. So here are more suggestions. They are all quick to prepare, each recipe serves four, and has been kitchen-tested.

BREAKFAST PANCAKES

4 oz. plain flour and 2 level teaspoons baking powder, or 4 oz. self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley, 11 tablespoons water, fat for frying (approx. 1 oz.), fish or meat paste.

Mix the flour, baking powder if used, seasoning and parsley to a smooth batter with the water. Heat a very little fat in a frying-pan, pour in enough batter to cover the bottom and fry quickly on both sides until brown. Turn out, spread with paste and roll up. Serve hot. *N.B.*—This mixture will make four pancakes.

FISH FRITTERS

4 oz. self-raising flour (or 4 oz. plain flour and 2 level teaspoons baking powder), 1 level teaspoon salt, ¼ level teaspoon pepper, ¼ pint water, 3-4 oz. cooked flaked fish, 1 level tablespoon chopped parsley, a little fat for frying.

Make batter, beat well, then add the fish and parsley. Cook in spoonfuls in the hot fat until golden brown on both sides. Serve at once, Makes about eight fritters.

BACON TURNOVERS

1-2 rashers fat bacon, 4 oz. self-raising flour (or 4 oz. plain flour and 2 level teaspoons baking powder), ½ level teaspoon salt, ½-1 level teaspoon mixed herbs, 4-6 tablespoons milk and water.

Fry and chop the bacon, keeping the fat to fry the turnovers. Mix dry ingredients to a scone dough with the liquid and roll to ¼ in. thickness. Cut into eight 3 in. rounds and place bacon in the centre of four. Damp edges and cover with remaining four rounds. Fry in the bacon fat for about 10 minutes, or until cooked through and golden brown on both sides.

SAUSAGE SHAPE

8 oz. sausage meat, 2 level tablespoons finely chopped onion or leek, 1 level tablespoon chopped pickle, 3 oz. breadcrumbs, pinch of mixed herbs, pinch of pepper, 1½ level teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons stock or milk.

Mix all the ingredients together thoroughly. Turn into a greased basin, cover and steam 1½ hours. Serve cold as a breakfast sausage.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.194)

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There's nothing to choose between leaving tools out in the rain and housing them under a leaky roof. It's easy to weatherproof toolsheds and other small buildings with Pluvex—and it pays handsomely. Don't wait until rust and rot have done their work; you'll save money by using Pluvex before the trouble starts.

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Extracts from the Statement of Accounts, 31st January, 1948

TOTAL ASSETS	£142,948,172
SHARE & DEPOSIT FUNDS	£134,187,151
MORTGAGES	£96,901,037
TRUSTEES SECURITIES & Cash	£45,542,685
RESERVE FUND & Undivided Profit	£7,304,593

Head Office—Halifax General Manager—F. E. Warbrick Howell, LL.D.

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A product of the 'Ovaltine' Research Laboratories, 'Alasil' tablets combine the highest quality aspirin with 'Alocol'—an efficient antacid and stomach sedative. This scientific combination makes 'Alasil' tablets outstandingly effective and generally acceptable. Even to those with sensitive digestions, there are no unpleasant after-effects.

Let the experience of thousands of enthusiastic 'Alasil' users point the modern, effective way to prompt relief in such conditions as: HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATIC PAIN, SLEEPLESSNESS, LUMBAGO or PERIODIC PAINS.

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A.S. 96

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KEEP A BOTTLE IN THE BATHROOM for First Aid: for everyday infections: for antiseptic O-syl baths.

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JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London

APRIL 3, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2179

Marshall Deadline

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS nears its deadline of April 10 for passing the legislation which will start Marshall Aid crossing the Atlantic.

Europe is waiting almost breathlessly for the first of those ships to sail, the first of those dollars to be paid.

Once, Europeans wanted Marshall Aid mainly to help them reconstruct their ruined continent. Now they feel, as well, that it is the only hope of building up solid defences against Communism.

And today we have to admit frankly that Britain needs Marshall Aid as badly as any other European country. Let's face the fact that we didn't want any more help from across the Atlantic, that we tried to do without it, but that we failed.

Sir Stafford Cripps has told us bluntly that we face poverty, stagnation and unemployment unless the pump of British industry is primed again with dollars and goods.

At first sight this is a bitter blow to our national pride. Yet there are consolations. Our plight is not entirely our own fault. Many of our present difficulties have been caused by the reckless scrapping of barriers against inflation in the United States, which now has to come to the rescue of the ally her high prices have impoverished.

And it is still a fact that Britain drained her very life blood to win the war, whereas America, physically unharmed, emerged richer than ever.

We are entitled to remember, too, that Marshall Aid is not a mere charitable gesture by the United States. It is a vast and sober business investment.

It should prove to be the best investment that ever dollars were put into. Looked at in that way—and it is the only correct way—our share of aid need not make us feel humiliated, but proud to do our part in the rebuilding of Europe.

The Doctors' Deadlock

JUST THREE MONTHS remain in which the Minister of Health, Aneurin Bevan, and the British Medical Association must come to terms so that the National Health Service shall start as ordered—and in *good* order—on July 5. Yet the whole scheme is still in danger of being wrecked because the Ministry and the B.M.A. have become antagonists instead of partners.

The public cannot be expected to know the full technical details of the doctors' objections to the Service. But the basis of the trouble is that the Act, as it stands, leaves a lot at the discretion of the Ministry of Health. Confidence and trust between the Ministry and the doctors are essential to the operation of the service and the working out of many vital details.

This confidence does not at present exist. Only three or four thousand doctors have so far voted in favour of joining the service on Mr. Bevan's terms. By themselves they could barely provide a skeleton service. Perhaps some more will come in during the next few days, when the Minister offers them contracts.

But we do not want a health service operated largely by unwilling doctors, forced into it at the crack of the financial whip. And it is futile at this stage to argue who is to blame for the present deadlock. Far better for the B.M.A. and Mr. Bevan to stop abusing each other and get down to working out a reasonable compromise.

They must remember that complete victory for one side is neither possible nor necessary. All that matters is the success of the scheme. Both sides have a duty to the public.

"Purge" Safeguards

MUCH OF THE ANXIETY over the Government's decision to ban Communists from positions of trust vital to the nation's security will be allayed if satisfactory machinery is set up to safeguard the rights of individual civil servants.

JOHN BULL supports the demand of the Civil Service trade unions for an appeal tribunal and a clear statement of the Government's reasons for "purging" any particular man or woman.

No scope whatever must be left for the possible working of maliciously false accusations.

Obviously the very small number of civil servants at present affected are those whose dossiers, in the possession of Scotland Yard's Special Branch or some other Government agency, show them clearly to be suspect of the dual loyalty inevitable to active Communists.

But it is easy to imagine that, in a moment of national alarm, many more people, often perfectly loyal to Britain, might be victimized for mere indiscretions.

Safeguards there must be, with an absolute minimum of secrecy.

We hope that the unions concerned will secure adequate and prompt reassurances from the Government.

Spare the Flowers

JOHN BULL HAS ALREADY ASKED Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, to enforce the Wild Bird Protection Acts more keenly this year. Now we ask the public to do something which is equally important but is simply a matter for everybody's conscience.

It is to protect wild flowers.

Imagine how dreary our countryside would be without its spring and summer suit of blossom, from the speedwells and pimpernels by the roadside to the rarest orchids in the woods.

Our lives are all the poorer for the loss of many native wild flowers, destroyed and wasted on a vast scale by unthinking people.

This week many a woodland once carpeted with April primroses will be bare—because the plants have been ruthlessly uprooted.

Soon we shall see those great bunches of bluebells tied to the bicycle carriers, the long white stems showing that they were pulled, and not picked, so that the bulb dies and will not sprout again next spring.

Primroses and bluebells are the commonest victims of thoughtless people who raid the countryside rather than enjoy it. But rarer plants suffer too.

In fact, the rarer a flower, the more certain it is to be picked and uprooted.

Yet the flower, which attracts human despoilers, is the plant's means of reproducing itself!

Let us all resolve not to destroy wild flowers thoughtlessly this season, and to try to persuade other people, too, that a growing, living plant in the country is worth any number dead and withered in the hand.

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So grateful—so genial—so GOOD

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Ah!

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FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

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TALES WITH A MORAL—NO.1

Katie and the Kettle

Here is bustling Katie, see!
A very busy person she.
She washes dishes, scrubs the floors,
And does a dozen different chores.

One morning as she runs about
She knocks the boiling kettle's spout—
Her hand is scalded. How she cries!
Then swiftly for First Aid she flies
To 'Vaseline'★—it soothes the pain
And quickly makes her well again.

Dear reader, let these words sink in—
For scalds and cuts, use 'Vaseline.'★

Molecules in 'Vaseline' Brand Petroleum Jelly overlap to form a seal which shuts out germs and dirt. Recommended for all minor cases of cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, sore places. Baby's chafed skin needs 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly, too.

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WINE COCKTAILS

Supplies are available in limited quantities from good wine merchants.

FOR MOTHER IN THE HOME

Jeyes' Fluid is a real help in the home. Simply add two tablespoonfuls to each gallon of water used for cleaning floors, lino, paintwork, tiles, etc. It disinfects as it cleans, safeguarding health, and makes the work easier too. Germs and Jeyes' can't live together.

FOR FATHER IN THE GARDEN

Sterilising the soil before planting is the secret of successful crops. The easy way to clean the soil, and protect seedlings against garden pests and disease, is the application of a tablespoonful of Jeyes' Fluid in a gallon of water to each square yard when digging.

Write for Garden Pests Booklet.

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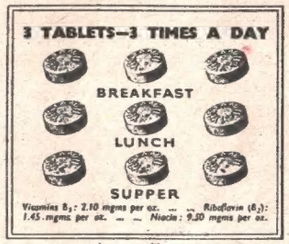
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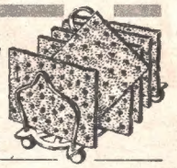

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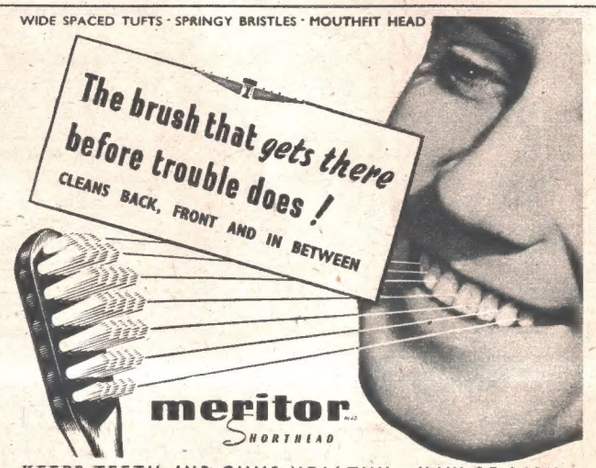
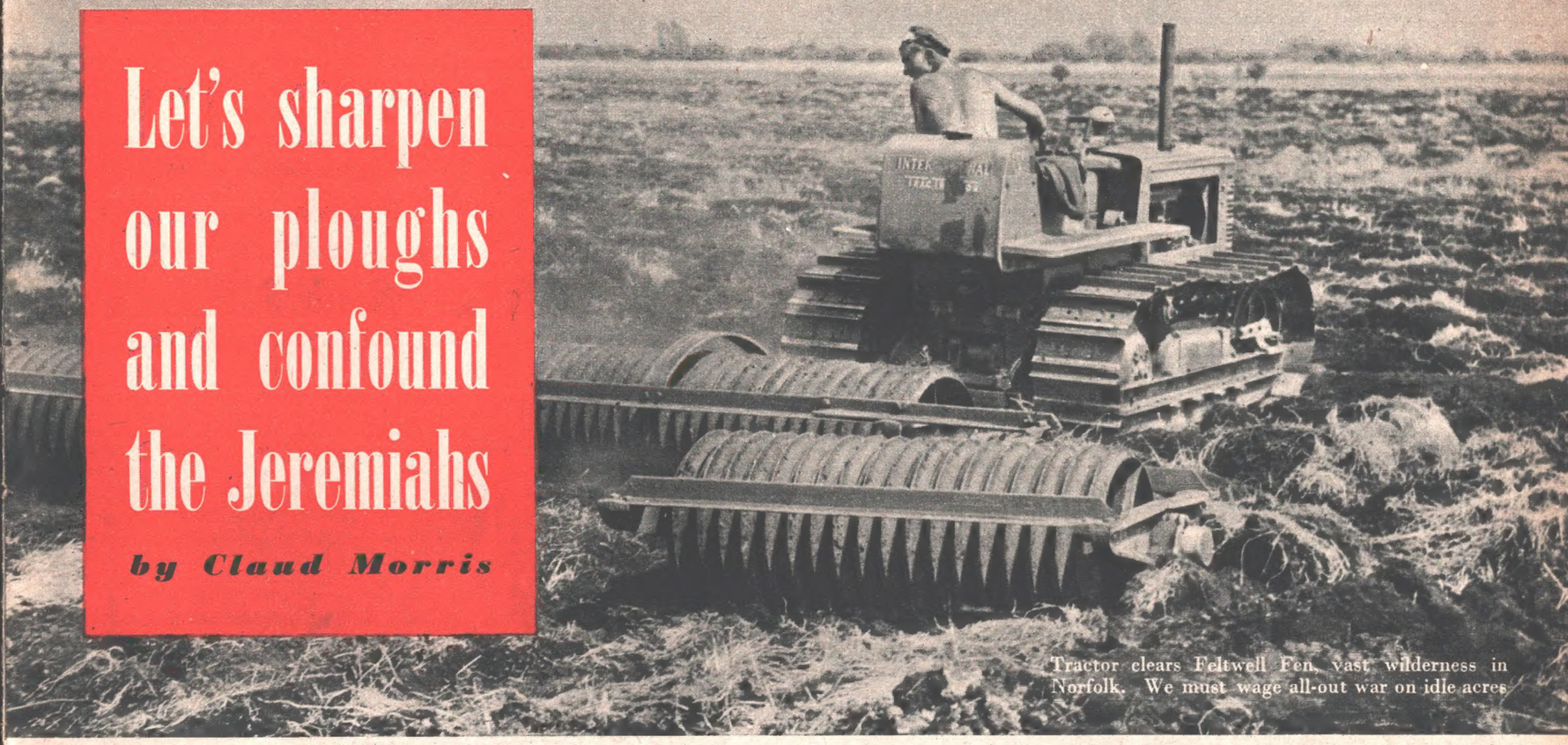


KEEPS TEETH AND GUMS HEALTHY · MAW OF BARNET

Let's sharpen our ploughs and confound the Jeremiahs

by Claud Morris



Tractor clears Feltwell Fen, vast wilderness in Norfolk. We must wage all-out war on idle acres

A Nation of Shopkeepers? Let's be a Nation of Smallholders as well, says Claud Morris. The best guard against having to take in our belts another notch is to grow more food in Britain. A bold home-growing plan could drive away the spectre of famine. But it must be a bold plan

MY HOUSEKEEPER walked down to the grocer's and brought back her couple of slices of bacon. "When will this *end?*" she asked me. I went to have a talk with Sir John Boyd Orr, the great food expert, and asked him the same question.

His answer was like a sock on the jaw. It is quite possible it could never end.

When I told my housekeeper she looked at me like a lot of women look at a lot of men these days, almost unbelieving. "But we've been *promised,*" she said helplessly.

A lot of women who feed families, in this country and in far too many other countries, stand on the doorway of tomorrow—that tomorrow of plenty which people talked glibly about—and wonder whether they've got the right address.

Sir John Boyd Orr says: "Today famine threatens the future of men as seriously and more inevitably than atomic war."

In India and across the Channel in Europe starvation takes a daily toll of lives.

But it couldn't happen here, you say. Sir John Boyd Orr says: "Famine is a real possibility, not only in other countries but in *this* country."

Famine in England? Don't be daft. I walked down Fenchurch Street to meet a man in the City, Philip. I like him. He's a warm, comfortable fellow, as cosy as the hot water bottles he produces for export.

"Britain will never *really* have a food problem." Those were his words. "It's only necessary for chaps like me to manufacture more bicycles, fountain pens, motor cars and hot water bottles and exchange these goods with other countries who have grub to sell." But how many countries in the world today have surplus food to send us if they are to feed their own people properly? How many countries have begun to manufacture their own knick-knacks and motor cars—and they'll keep on doing it—while Britain grows less and less food at home to feed her forty-eight million mouths?

We are trying to fight famine, and it's like trying to climb upstairs on an escalator going down.

John Strachey has that in mind. In the House of Commons he introduced a hundred million pounds overseas development Bill. The big idea is to produce pigs in Queensland, groundnuts (for margarine) in Africa, sugar in Jamaica.

We Could Do With Those Millions Here

A great scheme. But I took a train down to Winchester and walked into a farming conference. And there was Professor Cooper, of Wye Agricultural College, saying: "If only half of the millions being poured into groundnuts in darkest Africa were devoted to putting Britain's own agriculture into shape, then we should not be worried about groundnuts." Another man put it to me like this: "Go ahead with the Empire scheme. God knows the world needs it. But what if we spent fifty million pounds developing and farming certain areas in Britain?"

Already the Government has plans for taking over Romney Marsh, notorious for smugglers in the old days, so that they can develop it as a big State farm—one which should eventually produce one and a quarter million pounds more food for the nation *every year.*

The Government also has a plan to take over the neglected fens in Norfolk. Across this unbroken rich fenland are one hundred thousand acres which, for an outlay of two million pounds, could produce three million pounds' worth of food *every year* for Britain.

I have been around the country, marshalling facts of what we could produce if we spent fifty million pounds inside Britain.

My business friend Philip reassures me. "We'll be all right again. We'll get back in the swing again. It takes a little time." I've found out we've not that much time, Philip.

Photograph an idle factory and a man like Philip knows what the picture means. Photograph land lying idle and gone to bracken, and he and half a dozen others react as they would to a greetings card. What a pretty picture! The growing of food is about as incomprehensible to Philip as the making of an atom bomb.

I went down to Machynlleth in Wales. I took a pony over the hills. I stopped by a small house and went inside, and the people shared their meal with me. The man who ran the house was a hill farmer. A tall man, lean, with a domed forehead and grey hair.

We went outside and he walked beside me for a while across those hills. He had a hundred sheep. Given the proper development, the loan of machinery to tame the land, he could keep a thousand.

Lord Horder has said: "The peace of the world is menaced as much by the economics of food as by anything else." What do we want, mister, the soft-footed diplomacy of the hill sheep or the heavy threat of the atom?

The State could profitably take over the hill farms of England. Ask Clifford Kenyon, M.P., himself a hill farmer. When the Government decided to give the hill farmers some money for improvements he said: "I feel that five million pounds spread all over the land is like a drop in the bucket. I say, not from a political point of view but from a practical one, that hill farming cannot be put on its feet economically unless the State takes over the whole of the hill farming land."

These hill men today live on subsistence level, with no room for luxuries. Many can't even afford a radio. They go to work with scythe and spade

when they need modern equipment which only the State could provide on a big scale.

Go up and ask Duncan Stewart in Perthshire. With a couple of partners he bought thirty-five thousand acres in the Central Highlands. "Aye, Dunc's got a job on," some people remarked. But now, up near the peaks of Craig More, its summit wreathed in mist, you can hear the thunder of the caterpillar and the deep digger, and the prairie-buster plough moves through the bracken.

Look at the record! In seven years Stewart and his partners have extended the land under their control, kept more and more livestock in the hills. They have drained, fertilized, cut the bracken and re-seeded where possible. They have made two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

Put twenty million pounds into hill farming, bring out the bulldozers and the tractors, and we have the answer to starvation economics.

A Break for the Backyard

I heard from William Davies, director of the Grasslands Improvement Station. He says two-thirds of our grassland lies more or less derelict. If we spent six million pounds on re-seeding grassland we could make ourselves independent of imported animal feeding stuffs. The backyard boys would get plenty of fodder for chickens and pigs again.

Idle acres? In the early days of the war, someone made a statement in Parliament that there was more derelict land within fifty miles of London than within a similar distance of any other capital in Europe. At that time the Essex War Agricultural Committee brought in giant gyrotillers, bulldozers, excavators and steam engines, and put fourteen thousand acres back into cultivation.

Before the war it was bog and bush. Natural drainage had been wrecked by the arterial road along which cars whirred to a carefree Southend.

Nothing had ever been done about this—it had never *paid*. The old story of the old Britain. Nothing paid. When the men with a plan marched into Essex, in one seventeen-acre field they found a mare and her foal—with the foal starving because the pasture was inadequate to feed her mother.

The job, then, was done by university students, landgirls and conscientious objectors. Today that land produces a quarter million pounds' worth of wheat, beans, peas and potatoes every year.

Plough it up! We have only begun to explore the possibilities of our great adventure.

Then spend fifteen million pounds settling small-holders on the land. The Government, for security alone, is already beginning to think in terms of decanting some of the industrial population of the big towns into the countryside.

Wales, with seventy per cent of its population living within forty miles of Cardiff, could take two hundred thousand almost self-supporting settlers into its hinterland. Peter Scott, Welsh adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture, has a scheme for inhabiting rural Wales with more than double that number of people—folk who were originally forced to leave through economic circumstances. The Government should back men like Scott. They can give this nation a new basis of life.

Would it pay? In 1931 a man called Henry Ford spent one hundred thousand pounds in settling a hundred men on over a thousand acres of Essex land. A man running the Ford scheme once told me: "You sit here and watch 'em come in with their dreams." Those dreams have paid four per cent interest ever since.

It would have cost ten thousand pounds a year to keep those men on the dole. Co-operative land settlement, where the small man has a bit of help behind him, access to machinery and planned marketing, offers a great future.

One thing that's wrong with Britain is that we have too many distributors, too few producers. Let the man who wants a business of his own get in on the production end. Distribution—three out of five small men were near bankruptcy before the war—can be a costly flop. Production is a winner.

Give Them Scope and Security

Thousands of mechanically minded young men, out of the Services, are not prepared to accept farm labourers' conditions. The average fellow I meet is restless. Discouraged by the contrast between his heroic achievements as a fighting man and his limited chance as a wage earner. But give such fellows a chance to run their own small businesses with adequate machinery and see what happens.

Give them a chance to run their own units, as part of bigger co-operative farming units, with the State as landlord and security of tenure, and watch the rush to get into the commando battle for food. Let them build local democracies of farmers. Help 'em, but don't run 'em from Whitehall.

A hundred years ago Sweden and Denmark started out with an idea of this kind. Their countries were in a bad way. Woe, woe, said the economists. But they built farming co-operatives on factory lines. They forced prices downwards. Agricultural efficiency leapt ahead.

With a bold, ambitious plan at home—as an extra to the big colonial development scheme—we can achieve six things:

(1) *Improved home economics.* More food at home will mean we strengthen our economic position by reducing the need for foreign exchanges.

(2) *Greater independence.* Although the Marshall Plan is coming, it gives us only a breathing space, a few short years. In those years, by a bit of State farming and real land development, we can free ourselves of *any need* for more dollars.

(3) *Bigger purchasing power.* More food through spending money for the home development of agriculture will reduce our need to export, and let more goods flow on to the home market for the home customers.

(4) *Better feeding.* We shall improve the nutritional standards of our still badly fed nation.

(5) *Happier living.* We shall redistribute our population and give a new incentive to millions.

(6) *World security.* We shall help the world food shortage. Remember that every ton of food we draw from abroad is a ton needed elsewhere to combat hunger. There are no food surpluses.

The cost of this is fifty million pounds. Not a penny of foreign exchange is involved. We can save the depressed areas of agriculture. We can rid ourselves of the unpainted houses, lean cattle, patched fences and rotten planning. Our reward will be fat bairns, bursting barns, neat, painted houses and smiling people, prosperous and happy.

Yes, Sir John Boyd Orr, we Britons can beat the economics of world starvation.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Dwarfs the Atom

SOMEONE wrote recently: "It is shocking, but true that we know the atom today better than we know the mind that knows the atom. . . ."

Just suppose someone gave you a wonderful machine and told you that not even half of all the marvels it could perform had yet been found out. Wouldn't you spend every possible spare minute experimenting and probing those secrets? I bet you would!

Yet I will also bet that it has never occurred to you that you yourself were endowed at birth with just such a machine, the full potentialities of which you have never taken the smallest trouble to discover.

It is this curiously indifferent attitude towards the most ingenious and delicate machine in the world—the human mind—that has brought the world to such a sorry plight.

Mental laziness is one of the great curses of the human race. It's time we did our own thinking. It's time we realized that in ourselves lies the greatest power in the world, the illimitable force of rightly directed thought—a force greater than the atom.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

3,000 BABIES

The blood is drained from a new-born baby and a stranger's blood is substituted. That baby will live. So will thousands more. Scientists have found the answer to a mystery disease

MR. EDWARD J. JONES, of Benjamin Road, Wrexham, at the age of thirty-four was probably the proudest father in North Wales. His wife, Margaret, is twenty-five and they both agreed that Baby Margaret was a very special baby. This belief is not unusual among parents but Baby Margaret really was unusual.

She should be one of a family of four, but of the three elder children only one, a boy, has survived. If she had happened just over two years ago Margaret would probably have been stillborn or, if she had been born alive, she would have died in the first ten days of life.

Margaret owed her life to a dramatic operation—which made her the most photographed baby of the month. Within half an hour of her birth all the blood was drained from her small body and she was given a completely new supply of different blood. It happened at the Chester City Hospital.

Several doctors and nurses were involved, and they remain as anonymous as the Liverpool blood donor whose services were enlisted by the North Western Regional Transfusion Service of the Ministry of Health. Far away in the background were some monkeys, some rabbits, and two doctors working in the Serologic Laboratory of the Chief Medical Examiner of New York City.

Everybody knows vaguely about blood groups. The late Dr. Karl Landsteiner was awarded a Nobel Prize in 1930 for his discovery of the human blood groups—a discovery which made blood transfusion perfectly safe for the first time. He worked out four blood groups and showed what happened if the wrong groups were mixed. It was mixing the wrong groups that made some patients much worse after blood transfusion—some of them so much worse that they died.

Then subgroups with special properties were discovered and by 1928 it was clear that there were not four but thirty-six kinds of human blood. Sometimes one subgroup might damage the blood cells of a patient whose blood belonged to another subgroup.

Blood Groups Are Inherited

The classification by thirty-six subgroups was soon accepted legally as well as medically. Blood groups are inherited and the blood group of a child is like that of its father, or its mother, or like a combination of their subgroups.

It is never possible to say that any one man is the father of any one child. But it is possible by analysing the blood of the mother, the child and the alleged father, to say that the man may have been the father, because the three blood groups match, or that he could not possibly have been the father, because they don't.

The fact that the child's blood-group pattern could have come from a union of that man and that woman leaves the question of paternity open. There are thousands of other men who have the same blood group and subgroups and who might equally well have fathered the child.

But the negative finding is irrefutable. That man

GET A NEW CHANCE TO LIVE

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

Twenty-five year old Mrs. Jones and Baby Margaret after transfusion. After leaving hospital, the baby gained ten ounces in five days

could not have been the father of that woman's child because their blood groups would have produced an entirely different result. Negative blood group findings are now accepted as final in the courts of almost every civilized country.

These subdivisions helped to settle some paternity cases but still left unexplained certain curious blood diseases and some odd reactions to what should have been safe and effective transfusions.

Dr. Landsteiner and a great friend of his, Dr. Alexander S. Wiener, began studying the blood of Rhesus monkeys and seeing what happened when they injected it into rabbits. They were not thinking about Mrs. Jones of Wrexham or about fatal blood diseases in newborn babies. They were just trying to complete their knowledge of the subgroups of human beings and animals.

Rhesus monkey blood injected into rabbits produced in the rabbit blood a new kind of anti-serum. The rabbits had reacted to some new factor in the monkey's blood. This factor was called the Rhesus factor and, by the kind of shorthand that is usual in laboratories, this soon became the Rh factor. The rabbit anti-Rh serum reacted with the red blood cells of eighty-five per cent of human subjects tested in the U.S.A. and in Britain. In 1940 this was just a piece of new knowledge which seemed to have no practical application. Eighty-five per cent of human beings did react to this new Rh factor and so were Rh-positive. Fifteen per cent of humans did not react and so were Rh-negative. So what?

Colour Made a Difference

Then a racial difference was found. Of all white people eighty-five per cent are Rh-positive. For Negroes the figure is ninety-five per cent and for Chinese ninety-nine per cent. And somebody started investigating a fatal blood disease of newborn babies which is incredibly rare in Chinese babies, very rare in Negro babies, and not nearly so rare in white babies. The answer came quickly.

Where a baby had this blood disease, called erythroblastosis foetalis, the mother was always Rh-negative and the father Rh-positive. This combination is found once in every ten marriages in this country. In most of these marriages nothing happens but in some cases a curious reaction takes place between the mother's Rh-negative blood and the Rh-positive blood that the baby, whether a boy or a girl, will have inherited from the father. The first baby is healthy but in the course of carrying the baby the mother's blood, which is Rh-negative, becomes sensitive to the Rh-positive blood in the baby. With each successive pregnancy the mother's blood destroys, each time more completely, the vital red blood cells in her baby.

Take the case of Mrs. X, an apparently healthy young woman, married to an apparently healthy young husband. Tests showed her blood to be Rh-negative and her husband's Rh-positive.

Their first baby was born in 1934 and was a fine child. Her second pregnancy, in 1936, was uneventful but the baby was a little jaundiced—because its red blood cells had been broken down by the mother's sensitized blood. It grew steadily worse until, on the ninth day, it died.

Their 1938 baby was stillborn and the same thing happened again in 1941. In 1943 there was a late miscarriage, and at the age of thirty-four Mrs. X came sadly to the conclusion that she could never bear another live child.

All over the world the same sort of cases were recorded. Landsteiner and Wiener now knew why these babies died or were stillborn. With other workers they tried different methods of treatment. Rh-negative blood was transfused into the baby. Some lived and the mortality rate, which had been nearly eighty per cent, dropped to forty per cent.

It was found that most of the damage to the baby was done in the last two weeks of life in the mother's womb. Bringing on a labour two weeks before it is really due is fairly simple. This technique, combined with repeated small transfusions of Rh-negative blood, reduced the death rate to thirty per cent.

First Try Was Major Operation

Then attempts were made to remove the baby's own Rh-positive blood and substitute fresh Rh-negative blood. Blood was injected into a vein in the baby's arm. At the same time blood was drawn out of the baby by means of a wide-bore needle in the fontanelle—the gap in the newborn baby's skull. This was called exchange transfusion and presented many technical difficulties when it was first attempted in 1944.

By 1946 the technique had improved. It soon became possible to remove all the baby's Rh-positive blood and replace it with Rh-negative blood in about ninety minutes.

This was a major operation, but it cut the death rate to below twenty per cent.

Then there was devised a simple instrument that made the whole process much easier and much safer. This was a plastic two-way tube—a catheter—which could easily be inserted into the large vein in the baby's navel-string. This allowed continuous withdrawal and replacement of the blood till almost all the dangerous Rh-positive blood was replaced by the harmless Rh-negative variety. This process takes thirty minutes, and has brought the death rate to below ten per cent.

How many babies are affected? In this country alone there have been about three thousand deaths every year due to blood conditions. And the few that survived were often mentally defective—because the broken-down blood cells could not adequately supply the brain cells.

A handful of the "new blood" babies are now two years old and they are as normal as the next child of the same age.

The Jones family is off to America next month. Dr. Karl Landsteiner died a few years ago but Dr. Alexander Wiener is still contributing to our knowledge of blood groups and subgroups. When Margaret grows up she should call on Dr. Wiener and thank him for saving her life and the lives of thousands of other babies all over the world.

Overture

The able seaman with a baton, the sceptical messdeck—and the new chaplain who tried so hard to help

by JOHN DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

"Guts?" echoed the pale young man, faintly. His ginger-bearded friend barely hid a condescending smile . . .

ABREAST OF THE TORPEDO-TUBES of the destroyer *Wraith*, the new chaplain was leaning on the guard-rail, gazing out into the night. Across the gently heaving waters of the harbour winked and glittered the lights of Alexandria's waterfront.

The chaplain had been there for some time, but his enjoyment of the soft, clear night was somewhat spoiled by the guilty awareness that he ought to be forrard with the men—it was his evening for visiting the seamen's mess-decks. But he had been only three weeks in the ship—in any ship for that matter—and he still found such visits something of an ordeal.

It was all proving very difficult. Naturally he wanted to get to know the crew, to be on friendly terms with them—otherwise what was the point of his being on board at all? — but so far, whenever he had gone on to the mess-decks, there had been constraint. Strictly speaking this hadn't been his fault, for the awkwardness came in the first place from the men's own side. Where he had failed was in letting himself be affected by this awkwardness. It was something he would have to overcome.

After a while he straightened up, turned, and went forrard along the starboard side. Try again! That was the only way. But, as he walked through the narrow passage by the canteen, someone coming the other way pressed hard against the storeroom door to let him pass, and the chaplain glimpsed on the man's face that expression which they all seemed to assume whenever they met the "sky pilot," an expression that was at the same time tolerant, humorous—and contemptuous.

That, the chaplain thought, was the way with them all.

OUTSIDE the doorway leading to the main seamen's mess-deck he paused for a moment, respecting the privacy of the men, who had no door to close against the rest of the ship. And as he stood there he was vividly aware of the bizarre nature of the scene before his eyes, a scene such as only a ship's mess-deck could produce.

At the long, bare deal tables around the sides of the mess lounged men in every stage of undress, and all of them were laughing and shouting at a solitary, heavy-featured fellow who, standing in the mid[illegible] of the deck space between the table[illegible] only in a towel fastened about his waist, appeared to be conducting some imaginary orchestra with a long, gleaming butcher's knife.

Music was being provided for him in good measure by the mess-deck loudspeaker which, from immediately above his head, was pouring out *fortissimo* the vigorous strains of the overture to the *Barber of Seville*. And to the shattering volume of sound coming from the loudspeaker was added the continuous barrage of facetious comment and unprintable abuse which was being hurled

at the "conductor" by his messmates.

Stepping unobtrusively on to the mess-deck, the chaplain sank down on to the end of the nearest bench, motioning to the men there not to move or take any notice of him. But they immediately made more room for him than he needed, and from that instant onward the swarthy knife brandisher was subjected to no more witticisms from that corner.

"Who's that fellow out there?"

A freckle-faced, monkey-like little man turned self-consciously.

"Him out there, sir? That's Ford. Florrie Ford, sir, A.B."

The overture now entered upon a long, sustained crescendo, and Florrie Ford brandished his knife-baton with increasing abandon. Yet, in strange contrast to his almost grotesque motions, his eyes were serious, intent, almost rapt. Completely absorbed, he was quite oblivious of the marked way in which his audience's comments were petering out as they caught sight of the chaplain.

"What's Ford up to?"

The freckled face turned again towards the chaplain. There was just a suspicion of a grin on it.

"Up to, sir? Why, 'e's conductin'. Always at it — regular mess-deck Toscaninny, 'e is! Can't stop 'im—'specially now 'e's got the knife."

"And does he always, er, conduct to the wireless?"

"That ain't the wireless. It's a record, relayed from the W/T Office. Ford bullies the sparkers into puttin' that thing on 'alf a dozen times a day. Fair sick to death we are of it, all of us——"

At that instant the mess-deck Toscaninny caught sight of the chaplain. The knife checked for a moment, and its wielder's dark brows drew together. But then Able Seaman Ford continued his performance, doggedly, not looking again at the bench by the doorway.

At every table the seamen now sat quite silent and motionless, watching that clumsy, somehow forlorn figure in their midst. And Florrie Ford, shutting his mind to them, persisted in his odd performance to the very last chord of the overture. Then he threw his knife clattering upon the nearest table, and walked out of the mess without a word.

THE following forenoon, while Able Seaman Ford was working on the quarterdeck gun, the chaplain found an opportunity of talking to him.

"That was a very fine performance of yours last night, Ford."

Ford paused in his work for a moment, and then bent closer over the gunbreech. Wrong approach! thought the chaplain—the poor blighter obviously takes the thing very seriously! He tried again.

"Are you fond of music?"

Again Ford paused. He did not look up, but this time he said grudgingly:

"Yes."

"Play any instrument? Piano — or anything?"

At this Ford did glance briefly at the chaplain. It was no more than an upward flash of the eyes, but it said quite plainly: *Play? When or where would I ever have a damned piano—or anything else—to play?*

Another brick! But the chaplain persevered.

"Wonderful thing, the *Barber of Seville*."

Aha! Some reaction this time. Ford had turned from the gun, and was looking searchingly at the chaplain. Then he said, with a little warmth in his voice:

"Yes—sir."

The chaplain followed up quickly.

"D'you listen to much good music?"

Ford hesitated, wiping his hands on a ball of oily waste. Then he said:

"No. Can't. Not much chance on the mess-deck. Dance music, crooners—that's all they want! And when I get

(Continued on page 12)

CURBING THE QUICK MONEY BOYS

by Gordon Cummings

Share-gambling profits may not be a Budget matter, but it's time there was a real check on Homberg-hatted spivs

EVER SINCE THERE HAVE BEEN such things as stocks and shares, company promotion has been the happy hunting ground of the financial racketeer. The public still gets milked too often because new capital issue controls are not yet tight enough.

And at a time when there's a tax on almost everything, the colossal unearned profits made by gamblers in shares go untaxed.

The talk is buzzing round that Sir Stafford Cripps will alter all this in his first Budget, which he introduces next week. A capital gains tax is a cert, they say. I very much doubt it. The odds are against share gambling profits being taxed, for the following three reasons:

First, it is a fundamental of our income taxation system that if profits are taxed rebates are given for losses, so that a capital gains tax might involve paying out as well as getting in money, unless, of course, it was made to cover deals in past years.

Second, if stock market profits were taxed it would be unfair to leave out profits on selling other things—our houses, our cars, our furniture. Quite obviously that would lead to all kinds of probings and inquisitions which we wouldn't stand for.

Finally, if the tax were confined to Stock Exchange profits it wouldn't be easy to sort out which came from gambling and which from genuine appreciation on shares held by investors for some time. The genuine investors who, through wisdom or luck, invest in companies which do progressively well and the shares of which rise as a result should not be penalized in the same way as the big financial operators who ride on their backs.

All-time High

All this, however, doesn't mean that nothing should be done to stop or limit the making of easy money game on the Stock Exchange.

Shares of most of the thousands of companies listed on the Stock Exchange, good and bad, soared towards the end of the war to peak levels for all time. Many speculators have doubled, trebled, quadrupled their money.

One suggestion is to close the Stock Exchange altogether. That sounds a possibility. But there must be a market for buying and selling the fifteen thousand millions of Government stocks and the further thousands of millions of bonds and preference shares held by millions of investors. Without the Stock Exchange, investors might waste days or weeks running round trying to find a buyer at the right price.

Within the last few years the Stock Exchange has done a lot of house cleaning off its own bat. No longer is it a public milking ground for every type of financier. And stockbrokers as a body are a highly honourable set of business men.

One menace to the public has been considerably reduced. The "half-comm" racket has been cleaned up.

Many investors have reason to remember the "Mayfair" types who, rather than sell carpet sweepers, haunted the clubs and bars and always knew something "due for a rise." Hangers-on to stockbroking firms, they got a half-share of the commission on all business they introduced. Naturally their line was to get people in and out as often as possible; the more people changed holdings the more commission there was for the half-comm men.

While markets boomed the half-comm men got good pickings and lived well, but when there was a slump they faded away, leaving a trail of bad debts behind them. Early in the war the Stock Exchange committee made all the half-comm people go on a register (after being vouched for by Exchange members) and pay fees. Good types of half-comm men came into their own.

Public is Baited

The Stock Exchange committee has also been much hotter on probing such things as advance leakages of information, blatant manipulation of shares and dishonest deals.

However, it is not very difficult for exploiters to get the public "on the feed" by shows of activity in particular shares or markets.

Day after day it happens. A syndicate or pool gets together to run a particular share or group of shares. Quietly, all the floating supply of shares is mopped up. Then the ballyhoo to get the public in begins. Brokers go into the market, noisily bidding at rising prices. The whisper goes round: "so and so" are going to be put better; nothing tangible—just the spreading whisper. As the shares rise the insiders sometimes keep on buying; sometimes they are steady sellers. But whatever they do the public eventually gets the shares, often for keeps.

Occasionally the Stock Exchange Committee can cope with the smart boys by stopping dealings in the shares they are running, or investigating particular deals. But its powers are often too limited or are used only after a lot of outsiders have been plucked.

Many money-spinning things have happened since new capital issues were resumed just after the war, and the fault is mostly that of the Government in not tightening up the powers of the Capital Issues Committee, which says whether or not any issue can be made.

Tens of millions of easy money had been allowed to pour into the pockets of City insiders before the committee curbed the "placing" system of marketing shares. By this system shares of a new company were "placed" privately with financiers, stock jobbers and stockbrokers and their pet clients at a fixed price. The public couldn't get in until a market had been started always at a much higher price than that paid by the insiders.

The insiders made fortunes in minutes. Shares placed at, say, ten shillings would open at 12s. 6d. and within a few hours soar to 15s., 17s. 6d., even 20s., as the public scrambled to get in.

Eventually orders went out to pipe down on the placing business. The public must be given a chance to get shares at a fixed price. Unhappily, this did not do much to protect the public against paying too much for shares of newcomers to the Stock Exchange.

All kinds of fiddly little businesses have since been floated off on to the public at big prices, based entirely on the swollen profits of the past few years. Businesses which made only a few thousands a year profit before the war have been able to sell their shares on the basis of what I call "vacuum" profits made out of Government contracts or through exorbitant prices obtainable only because of the universal shortage of almost everything.

Measures to Take

There are still many things to do before the City is a really safe place for the ordinary investor.

There must be much wider and prompter investigation of sudden market movements in shares and stocks, with full publication of the findings.

The Government must give its Capital Issues Committee straighter instructions about combing out all doubtful types of new issues. This committee should vouch for the worthiness of the issues it does O.K.

The new Companies Act must be tightened up to make it easier for shareholders to demand inquiries when share manipulation takes place. Hiding up market operations by placing shares in the names of dummies or nominees must be stopped.

Although the easy money is getting out of markets now, it isn't for ever. Once prices begin hitting bottom the big operators will be back and the money spinning wheel will begin to turn again—unless a brake is put on it.

HE'S KEPT HIS PROMISE!

Last week we said this man would be bringing the children some friends. Here they are—John and Sally. The man's their Uncle Andy. He's got lots of bright ideas, as he'll prove to the twins, starting in . . .

JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

CULTURE ON A SHOE-STRING

The State is taking a hand in bringing the arts to Mr. and Mrs. Everyman. Fine idea—but there's the question of funds

ONE WINTER DAY nearing the end of 1939, Lord De La Warr, then President of the Board of Education, telephoned the secretary of the Pilgrim Trust to sound him about an "idea."

It was an extravagant vision: nothing less than a fresh renaissance of the arts in Britain. Lord De La Warr foresaw a magnificent retinue on the Thames, barges glorifying the arts from Whitehall to Greenwich. There would be orchestras, madrigal singers, Old Vic artists declaiming Shakespeare, ballet from Sadler's Wells, folk dancers from the village greens.

It was a wonderful dream, but a dream that would need a lot of money. Would the Pilgrim Trust, he wondered, consider making a grant?

The Pilgrim Trustees met soon afterwards. Founded in 1930 by the late Edward Stephen Harkness, of New York, the Trust's income of £100,000 a year had been devoted chiefly to voluntary schemes of social welfare.

So, when they heard Lord De La Warr's proposal, the Trustees voted their support. It went on record that £25,000 would be contributed during 1940 for the encouragement of wartime music and drama. A Committee for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts came into existence on January 1, 1940.

But £25,000 could not pay for Lord De La Warr's schemes. So, meanwhile, the new C.E.M.A. began, in a humble way, to bring the arts to the people.

C.E.M.A. will be remembered for its music "travellers" who toured the countryside, organizing and performing in concerts for the people of isolated towns and villages. During the blitz they played and sang in air raid shelters and London tubes.

"Flying squads" stood by to rush sonatas to rest centres immediately after a raid, or gave recitals in factory canteens during the midday break. Art exhibitions, ballet and opera appeared in out-of-the-way halls.

The response was so encouraging that within three months the Treasury agreed to make a grant of £50,000 provided that an equal sum was raised from non-statutory sources. The Committee became a Council; its membership was broadened. And for two years it continued to draw income from both the Treasury and the Pilgrim Trust.

By March, 1942, the Pilgrim Trust had made grants to C.E.M.A. totalling £62,500, and the Trustees decided their experiment of subsidizing the arts had proved its worth. They had done their bit but the Treasury was left with a financial burden which, by 1945-46 was in excess of £235,000.

That year C.E.M.A. provided 6,500 concerts, which were attended by nearly 2,000,000 people, 300 plays or ballets produced by forty companies, sixty-eight exhibitions shown at 227 different places. The public appetite had been whetted. The Picasso-Matisse exhibition, imported by the British Council, was visited by over 350,000 people.

Classical music, on the wane a few years ago, was now pulling in huge crowds, prepared to queue for hours before the doors opened. It proved that good music meets with as warm a response from unsophisticated people as from supposedly more informed audiences.

One old woman who had been evacuated to the country from the East End of London walked four miles to the village hall to hear an informal concert. Bach's Air on the G String was new to her; at the end of the concert she came to the violinist in tears, clasped his hand and said she would walk any

Van Gogh exhibitions drew thousands who had never been to an art gallery before. Here is a section of his famous painting, "The Gypsies"

by Dennis Holman

number of miles in the blackout to hear it again.

Clearly C.E.M.A. had started something. No one claimed that the British, sport addicts, outdoor and animal lovers, had suddenly become artistic; C.E.M.A. missionaries had scarcely penetrated a crust of the population. But the response indicated that, with access and the means of understanding it, art could be enjoyed by everybody.

A wider organization than C.E.M.A. was needed to intensify the campaign in peace, and reinforce success. The answer was the Arts Council of Great Britain, incorporated under Royal Charter on August 9, 1946.

The Council has official status, yet its councillors are men and women chosen as individuals, not representatives. It has a Treasury grant, and representatives of the Treasury, the Ministry of Education and the Scottish Department of State attend Council meetings as assessors.

Under the chairmanship of Sir Ernest Pooley, the Council includes Dr. B. Ifor Evans, savant and literary critic; Sir Kenneth Clark, one-time director of the National Gallery; Professor Sir Stanley Marchant, principal of the Royal Academy of Music; Sir Lewis Casson, actor and theatrical producer; Lord Harlech, distinguished art expert; Barbara Gould, M.P.; Thelma Cazalet Keir; Dr. R. Vaughan Williams; Lord Esher; Lady Keynes; Dr. James Welsh; W. E. Williams.

Headquarters are at 4 St. James's Square, formerly Lady Astor's London mansion. Today, tattered, uncarpeted and barely furnished, it is alive with the incongruous sounds of rehearsals in progress. Charts and regional maps of Britain hang on the walls. There is a preponderance of young men in corduroys with pipes and spectacles, and girls in jumpers and gay skirts, hurrying down stairs and along the corridors.

Queue for the Pictures

Where no organization exists capable of doing a job, the Arts Council does it. Under this head £41,500 was spent on directly provided drama tours, over £36,000 on concerts for industrial music clubs, hostels and factories.

One achievement of the Visual Arts Department of the Council was the exhibition of 179 Van Goghs, which 157,000 people queued and paid to see at the Tate Gallery, London. The exhibition was also a success in Birmingham and Glasgow.

But these activities largely affect a minority of city folk. More significant last year were the ninety-two exhibitions that visited 335 halls and galleries all over Britain, organized by the Arts Council, and accompanied in most cases by a professional lecturer. As with visiting plays and concerts, exhibitions attracted the working man, his wife and children, and more and more people discovered that art is neither highbrow nor sissy, but something to be understood and enjoyed. It gave them something to think about, argue about.

Criticism today is not of the Arts Council's efforts, but, in view of the national response, that the efforts should be so restricted.

Compared with other countries, State patronage of the arts in Britain is belated and niggardly. Norway, with a total budget of £100,000,000 for 1947, spent £5,000,000 on education and culture. Egypt, which lives on the bounty of one river, spent £86,000 on the arts (not including cultural grants to universities). In the U.S.S.R. total expenditure on cultural activities for 1946 exceeded 80,400,000,000 roubles; in 1947 the amount was increased to 107,100,000,000 roubles.

Is the Arts Council of Great Britain to remain just a baby sister in this large international family? Does she really have to go in rags?

NEXT ARTICLE: The Wandering Players

The man in the corner with the towel and bucket recalls when he himself was out in the middle of the ring, fighting . . .

Other People's Lives . . . by Hubert Cole

SECONDS OUT!

THERE IS A DISTANCE of about four feet between Mike Blake's present and his past. There is also a gap of twenty years. Today he stands on the boards outside and below the ring, towel over his arm, bucket and bottle of water at hand.

Twenty years ago he was prancing about up there on the canvas, taking it and dishing it out, cherishing always the hope of winning the championship, but never quite making it.

Mike works as a second in the evenings, as a window cleaner by day. Forty-four of his fifty-two years have been tied up with boxing. He is one of the men who have made the boxing business, though the business never made him.

Life Was Tough

He was born in Bangor Street, Notting Hill, London. There was no pronounced opulence down Bangor Street, and the policemen, Mike says, always took the precaution of patrolling down there two- or three-handed. Mike began with very few privileges.

There were no boxers in the family, but Mike's father would sometimes stroll over to the Scrubs for a private fight on Sunday mornings. That was the accepted drill in the Notting Hill pubs around the beginning of the century. If anybody spoke out of turn, or gave you a look, or indulged in such fancy gestures as turning his glass upside down, you didn't go out into the street, where the coppers would interfere, but invited him to settle the difference on the Scrubs on Sunday.

The settling was done with bare fists, and the seconds in those days carried no more than a razor blade with which to deal with black eyes. The swollen eye was nicked just above the cheekbone and the swelling dispersed with the same technique as Queen Philippa used on Edward III's poisoned wound outside Calais.

They were free fights in every sense, with no charge for admission and few blows barred, and the crowds were considerable. Some Sundays the coppers got nosy, and many was the time that Mike and his father had to swim across the water to Kensal Rise cemetery to avoid awkward questions.

Mike himself began boxing, as distinct from fighting, at the age of eight and at a weight of four stone. He was trained as an amateur at the Rugby Club, a local social institution supported by Rugby School. At sixteen he had his first professional fight. Mike got the verdict and 17s. 6d.

Mike was pretty confident of winning from the start, for he had trained with professionals and picked up their tricks the hard way. He knew all about using the thumb to rub up the other man's nose, or poke his eye, or get him in the corner and hold him with one open-gloved hand at the windpipe while you jabbed away at the corner of his mouth.

"Of course," says Mike, "these days the Board of Control uses old boxers for referees and they'd spot it at once if anybody tried it." But in Mike's day it was the thing.

Probing Thumbs

Indeed, the notable change which he remarks in boxing is that today a fighter doesn't come out of a contest with his mouth all torn about. In Mike's day, gum-shields were no defence against the probing thumb, and at the end of a fight a boxer didn't feel like any solid food at all. The most he could take was perhaps a nice glass of cold beer.

There was one time, after a fight, when Mike could not chew anything for a month. He had to put the food on a spoon, open his mouth wide, get the stuff to the back of his palate, and then lick it down. He was offered a return contest with the same man for £200. This would have been the largest fee he ever got, but he turned it down. He said he preferred to eat his food regularly, and taste it.

Mike, during his professional career, fought at eight stone six. Fighting, in those days, was a full-time job. Darkie Williams, who used to be Mike's manager, tells how Mike fought fifty-five rounds in one week—two twenties and one fifteen, and for the fifteen he had to travel overnight from London to Newcastle.

Darkie, who still runs a gymnasium at Walham Green, would encourage Mike even today to make a comeback. He says Mike has the experience which the young fellows haven't got. "I had an old general in here the other day," says Darkie, "and I put him up against one of these youngsters. I said to the boy: 'I know him like I know a bad ha'penny. Watch out when he drops his porks—that's when you're for it.'

"But he didn't pay any attention. He started in slinging punches and the old general just ducked and weaved and said, 'I don't want that—that's no use to me,' and then suddenly he drops his porks"—and Darkie lets his fists fall to his side—"and the youngster comes at him and—pomp!"—Darkie pushes out a straight left—"the kid had had it."

So Darkie dodges and darts around the gymnasium and fights old battles all over again. But Darkie is unbelievably turned seventy now. And Mike is fifty-two. There is no going back.

If You've Capital

Mike fought mostly for £40 or £60 a time. The best he ever did was £130. He has a couple of grandsons now, and one of them looks like making a fighter. But Mike is not sure that it is a good profession to encourage a boy into. If you've a bit of capital behind you, you can make a good thing of it; but Mike had a family of his own and two invalid parents as well. As soon as the money came in, it went out again. There was no opportunity to set a bit on one side.

There were complications, too, in those days. There were the razor boys who could dictate the verdict no matter which way the crowd were "hoo-ing and blaring"—which is Mike's way of describing the quaint, atavistic sound which comes up from the ringside seats.

There were set-ups when a good game 'un found himself set to fight a man a couple of stone heavier, and the crowd were hoo-ing and blaring for a fight and the good game 'un didn't want to be put out of the business for good—but he couldn't dance away from his opponent for too long for fear of being disqualified and losing everything.

The referee—and the crowd—might tell him to get in and fight, and he would reply: "I'm not a fighter, I'm a boxer." But he had to do something about it pretty quick, so he would pretend a heavy swing at the other fellow's chin, and then make out that he had broken his fist, and box on at a safe dis-

Continued on page 15

Continued from page 9

the sparkers to play that piece I 'ave to defend it with me life, or they'll turn it orf—that's why I got the knife."

"Oh, I see!"

The chaplain didn't completely see, as yet. But already he had divined the existence in this tough seaman of some strange love, some deep hunger, for music. And his missionary zeal was stirred. Here was someone he could do something for, in a practical fashion.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "I've just had a note about some concerts ashore. Don't know what they'll be like, but—I'll get you a ticket for one of them!"

Florrie fingered the card he had just received. He was more than a little doubtful about it. It was an invitation from a certain Madame Zulma Harraud to a "Musical at Home" at her house that evening. Florrie was rather at a loss.

It didn't sound at all his cup of tea, but it was free, and he didn't want to disappoint the old sky pilot who, though he was wetter than water, was well-meaning enough and had gone to the trouble of getting the invitation. And, the most important thing, there would be music—good music.

After a while he decided he would go.

And so, taking pains to conceal his destination from his messmates, Florrie went ashore, and immediately set about finding the house of Madame Harraud. It took some time, but eventually he trudged up to an elegant mansion in the exclusive western section of the town. Madame Harraud, who was known to a small circle as patroness of the arts, was an immensely wealthy French-Egyptian.

FLORRIE'S courage almost failed him when he saw the house, with its magnificent flight of marble steps leading up to the front door, but having come so far he decided to see the thing through. Smoothing his jumper, he self-consciously climbed the steps, rang the bell, and waited, holding his invitation card in his hand.

Almost immediately one of the massive doors opened silently, and there appeared a manservant wearing a long black, silken garment and a red fez. Florrie was obsequiously bowed into a vast, pillared hall, and then the servant led the way towards the salon.

Madame Harraud was chatting with the violinist, Igor Bolkonsky, when she noticed the big British sailor hesitating on the threshold of the room. Immediately she gave a little cry and, fluttering away from her companion, came, fat, dazzingly bejewelled and smiling, towards Florrie.

"Ah! How do you do, M'sieur. . . ."

"Mustn't grumble," mumbled Florrie, ". . . name of Ford."

"Ah! M'sieur Forrd! From zat sheep, ze *Wraith*?"

"That's right," said Florrie.

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame Harraud, casting her eyes up towards the gilded ceiling, "soch a brave, beautiful sheep! Soch brave men!"

Florrie started a little, but did not say anything.

"Well, M'sieur," prattled on madame, "you are so vairy, vairy welcome in my 'ouse! And now — come and meet people!"

In a daze Florrie meekly followed his hostess across the room. He didn't know what to make of it. In his innocence he had supposed that whenever people listened to music they sat in orderly rows. But not here! No one seemed to be sitting down at all.

There were perhaps thirty people in the room, and they were all standing about in little groups, eating and drinking. Just like a station tearoom, Florrie thought, only more classy. And the noise! There was a constant, high-pitched chattering.

Beaming, Madame Harraud led Florrie up to one of the groups and introduced him to a thin, tall young woman wearing a collar and tie and slacks; to a short, stout eton-cropped young woman; to a sad-looking young man with a not very successful ginger beard; and to a very pale young man dressed unrelievedly in black. Then, catching sight of another guest hovering in the doorway, Madame Harraud waddled off, twittering.

The new arrival was the chaplain, who had dropped in primarily to see how Florrie would get on. But Florrie was in no condition just then to notice the chaplain or anyone else, for he had suddenly found himself with a tiny coffee-cup in one hand and a minute, triangular sandwich in the other. He was utterly bewildered. And then the sad, ginger-bearded young man asked him:

"What's your personal opinion of the tonal qualities of the work of Nikkolaio Bolboni?"

"Eh?" said Florrie, shying violently enough to spill his coffee on to his jumper.

"Sh!" hissed the tall young woman. "There's Nikkolaio now! He's going to play!"

So far Florrie had seen no signs of any musicians, but now, as the chattering hushed throughout the room, a stout little man in evening dress scuttled across the floor towards the grand piano. Reaching the piano, he sat down on the stool, folded his hands in his lap, and appeared to go into a doze.

The room waited breathlessly. Then Nikkolaio opened his eyes again, and began to prod the keyboard in various places with the forefinger of his left hand.

The stout young woman shivered with delight.

"Oh—wonderful! His *Phantasmagoria*!"

"Sh!"

For some time the little man continued prodding his single notes, until Florrie began to wonder when he would start playing a proper tune. But then, as though suddenly exasperated, Nikkolaio crashed his hands savagely down at the extremities of the keyboard, dragged them together, scooped up great handfuls of discords in the middle—and stood up and bowed! There was rapturous applause. Then a renewed chattering broke out. The very pale young man in black turned to Florrie.

"Didn't you find that exquisite?" he asked.

Florrie shifted uncomfortably on to one foot.

"Such *brio*! — Don't you think?" asked the stout young woman. Florrie shifted on to the other foot. He didn't know what *brio* was.

"Bolboni—he's the only significant figure in music today! Don't you agree?" asked the tall young woman.

Florrie felt increasingly uncomfortable. He had never heard of Bolboni before.

"And who is your favourite composer?" asked the young man with the ginger beard. There was more than a trace of condescension in his tone. Florrie flushed suddenly. These people had made him feel uncomfortable, and now they were beginning to annoy him. But he answered manfully enough:

"Dunno his name—the feller that made up that there *Barber of Seville*. That's more in my line—somethink with a bit o' guts to it."

"Guts?" echoed the pale young man faintly. For a moment he and his companions stared at Florrie. Then the ginger-bearded young man raised a hand to hide the smile which he could not repress. But he did not succeed in hiding it from Florrie.

The chaplain never knew precisely what happened next, but he had a pretty good idea. It had not taken him long to realize how unfortunate his choice of a first concert for Florrie had been, and he noted with anxiety that the big sailor was looking very ill at ease. It looked as though his companions were baiting him subtly, and the chaplain felt more than a little apprehensive.

He decided to go to the rescue as soon as possible, but before he could disengage himself from the voluble Madame Harraud the worst had happened, for there was the ginger-bearded young man stretched out on the floor—and there was Florrie, very red-faced, striding towards the door. Making his apologies to his hostess, the chaplain followed Florrie as soon as he could. He caught up with him half way back to the ship.

"Ford!"

Angry, ashamed, humiliated, Florrie trudged doggedly on. He neither checked his pace nor turned his head.

The chaplain drew alongside.

"That was very unfortunate, I'm afraid," he said quietly. "I had no idea it would be that ultra-modern stuff."

No answer.

And so they continued in silence. The chaplain was very worried. He was beginning to realize just how sensitive a horny-handed sailor could be. He realized also how much Florrie's music meant to him, and he was distressed that things had turned out so calamitously.

It was enough to put the man against music for ever. And it was not so much the music as the spiritual need it satisfied. If ever a man needs spiritual comfort, he needs it on the messdeck of a warship!

As they entered the mean streets leading down to the waterfront, the chaplain said:

"You know—that was a beautiful uppercut!"

AT that Florrie looked at his companion quickly, but immediately he relapsed into brooding again. The chaplain felt he was making very little progress. Soon they came to the harbour.

The chaplain hailed one of the feluccas plying for hire.

"You'll let me give you a lift aboard?"

Florrie shook his head.

"Oh, come on, man! You don't want to hang about here——"

But Florrie had already gone, slouching off into the darkness. The chaplain waited a minute or two, and then told the boatman to shove off.

Florrie came aboard at ten thirty. There had been no regular leave for the ship's company that evening—Florrie had to get special leave to go to the fiasco at Madame Harroud's—and so he was the sole member of *Wraith's* crew in the fleet liberty boat.

Nor had his spirits improved. He had spent an hour in a waterfront bar, a tawdry hole where the jangling, mechanical music had jarred upon him just as much as Mr. Nikkolaio Bolboni's efforts had done. And the liquor had been dreadful. He felt sick and sad, and he was still deeply hurt.

When they reached *Wraith*, he climbed up to the quarterdeck and went forrard. On the messdeck everyone had turned in. All was quiet.

Wretchedly Florrie also prepared for bed. He took off his jumper and collar and slung his hammock. But then, without heart for anything else, he sat down on the lockers, his head in his hands.

And suddenly, as he sat there, the loudspeaker above him crackled, and burst mightily into the opening bars of the overture to the *Barber*!

Florrie lifted his head with a jerk, and for a moment sat thus, staring, quite amazed. As he did so, lurid curses arose from the hammocks and angry, tousled heads began to appear over their sides. But Florrie did not hear or see them. Instead he leaped to his feet and made for the W/T Office.

And, as Florrie appeared in the doorway, the chaplain, who was standing beside the gramophone turntable beating time gently with a ruler, grinned broadly and said:

"Hullo, Ford! Thought this might take the taste out of our mouths!"

Then, throwing the ruler to Florrie, he added:

"Carry on, maestro!"

Island Story

EVERY TIME WE VISITED the old lady's home we noticed her wireless was set at a foreign station. I asked her why. "Well," she said, "the Government wants us to save fuel. So I thought I'd use the foreigners' electricity and save our own."—*G. McInnes, 15 Balgair Street, Glasgow, N.*

★

THE STERN LOOKING young shop assistant had just given me my change. Walking towards the door I checked it and found that she had made a mistake. So, going back to the counter, I said politely, "I think you have made a mistake with——."

But I got no further. "No change can be rectified after leaving the counter," was the chilling retort. So I left with the wrong change—a shilling too much.—*J. Thayer, 33 Albert Road, Chatham.*

★

AS A UNIFORMED COLLECTOR I had occasion to visit a house whose porch bore the following notice: *Do not ring or knock, no answer given. We do not give subscriptions. No hawkers. Circulars left will be burnt. We do not want any vacuum cleaners. We have no bottles, rags or bones. When you leave, shut the gate.* One of the more insular British! — *Collector, Claygate, Surrey.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

One guinea will be paid for readers' *personal* experiences reflecting different aspects of life in Britain today. Entries should be marked "Island Story."

THIS WEEK'S COVER

PERHAPS art is not the average schoolboy's bottle of pop. Blissfully unaware of the stern, disapproving eye of France's great Cardinal Richelieu—whose full-length portrait by Philippe de Champaigne (1602-74) hangs in the National Gallery, which is the setting for this week's cover—most of the lads find new jokes in the comics more to their taste than Old Masters. Their irreverence amused Michael Critchlow and provided him with his cover theme. But what of the bespectacled youth? Maybe it's chiefly to atone for the backsliding of his chums, that he stares with such rapt concentration at the pictures. One has the feeling that even Dick Barton wouldn't keep this chap from studying.

"Here they come again! . . . still rather bunched but the leaders are going well . . . Just now it's anybody's race . . . ."

Dad's in the living-room, glued to his radio. And no wonder. He's got half-a - - -, well never you mind what he's got on his 'dead cert'. Just listen to the roar of the vast crowd. Dad's one of the crowd, willing his horse to win. And it's going to be a very close thing — so close they're coming right over the garden fence, and the commentator with them. Whew! This is as good as a gallon of basic and a seat in the grandstand.

murphy

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WISE people plan their holidays well ahead—and thousands who know what's fine for them have already booked at one of BUTLIN'S Holiday-Villages-by-the-Sea. They mean to recapture the perfect enjoyment that comes from good living and a vast variety of entertainment, far from the workaday world and without any worry about expensive "extras." You owe it to yourself and your family to make the most of your holiday in 1948. Send today for a copy of BUTLIN'S Holiday Book, beautifully illustrated in colour and packed with happy holiday-plan reading for every member of the family. *A postcard only, please.*

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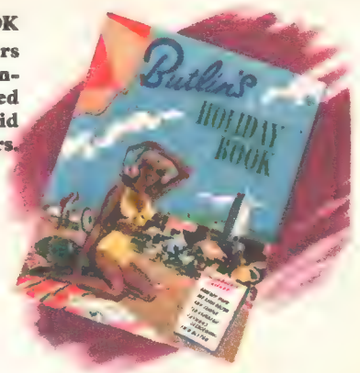

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FREE SPEECH

★ **Women must get together to prevent war**

★ **Punctuality, not paint, is first B.R. duty**

★ **British produce: too little costs too much**

MILLIONS OF WOMEN must be as sick as I am of hearing talk and rumours of war. It's a pity the menfolk can't devote their time, money and attention to the making of peace.

We are positively sick of their arguments and bickering. Each generation sees the same futile business of men blaming each other, quarrelling and warring. It needs united action from the womenfolk of the world to stop these men, who, I am sure, revel in destruction.

After all, it is the women who bear the sons, lose them in war and are the greatest sufferers in the end.—MRS. FLORENCE PENNINGTON, 118 Curzon Road, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.

Makes Her See Red

Miss E. J. Norman

HASN'T the Government more important things to consider in this crisis than the colour of railway engines?

We are not children, after all. So long as a train is clean and comfortable and the fare reasonable, we do not care two hoots what colour the outside of the train is painted. A more essential field for investigation is surely the punctuality of trains.—MISS E. J. NORMAN, 24 Graig Park Parade, Malpas, Newport, Mon.

Ministry of Food on Food

PRICE OF GREEN VEGETABLES referred to in letters from Gordon H. Wagstaff, of Southend-on-Sea, and H. Palmer, of Brodsworth, Yorks (JOHN BULL, March 13), is kept under constant review by this Ministry.

With regard to the ploughing in of produce, the possibility of preserving or otherwise utilizing such produce is being considered by the Fruit and Vegetable (Marketing and Distribution) Organization, set up under the chairmanship of Dr. Edith Summerskill. — A. W. M. HILLAM, Ministry of Food, Whitehall.

British Greens Wasteful

BRITISH CAULIFLOWER growers complain that life is made hard for them by the importation of Italian broccoli. They'll get no sympathy from me.

Recently I bought a large English cauliflower, weighing one and a half pounds. It cost 1s. 6d. When I had cut away the inedible portions, the remainder weighed half a pound. One shillingsworth went down the drain!

The girl who served me showed me some of the Italian produce. "Of course," she said, "they're rather large, but they're much better value." They were—fine, head-tight, creamy vegetable, with just enough green leaf to keep the heart clean and fresh. Weight was three and a half pounds, and every ounce looked eatable—a bargain for a large family.

In future, imported broccoli for me every time! — MISS A. CUNLIFFE, Gloucester Road, London, S.W.7.

Mothers Going Downhill

AFTER SEEING MANY women being practically dragged down hills by heavy prams, I suggest that baby carriages be fitted with a handbrake operated from the handlebar, similar to that on a bicycle.—ERNEST FOUNTAIN, 89 Ryhall Road, Stamford, Lincs.

Ballot Is Secret

YOUR CORRESPONDENT, Charles A. Woodthorpe, of Coventry, who alleged (JOHN BULL, March 13) that the present system of checking votes "enables authorities to find out who voted for and against them" is wrong.

Local elections *are* secret and no official or anyone else can know how an elector has completed his form. One of the objects of the procedure of calling out a voter's electoral registration number is to check against impersonation. From the numbers on the counterfoils, the presiding officer knows how many ballot papers should be in the box, and until those numbers agree the actual counting of votes cannot, by law, be started.

Counterfoils are then sealed, and may not, except in very exceptional circumstances and in great secrecy, be opened for six months.—L. CAERS, 2 Hillmont Road, Hinchley Wood, Esher, Surrey.

Start with Magistrates

AS A COURT REPORTER I welcome the suggestion in the article "Justice Without Juries" (JOHN BULL, March 13) that justice would be better left to experts. Reforms might start with petty sessions and lay magistrates.

I have witnessed many examples of ignorant abuse of the law by lay magistrates. On one occasion, a motorist appeared before the court for some minor offence. The magistrates retired without giving the man an opportunity to say a word for himself—an omission to which I drew the clerk's attention.

The Bench sent the man to prison for a fortnight. Throughout the hearing he had not spoken except to plead.—REPORTER, Minehead, Somerset. (Full name and address enclosed.)

"Italian broccoli for me in future," says reader who bought this cauliflower

"Men revel in destruction . . . but women lose most in war," says Mrs. Florence Pennington on this page

Bone Mystery Solved

I AM A BUTCHER AND HERE is my answer to Mrs. M. E. Hewson, of Dorset, who wrote asking where all the meat bones have gone to (JOHN BULL, March 13).

Roughly sixty per cent of the meat ration is imported from overseas. To save shipping space, the bulk of it is boned before being sent.—STANLEY C. HARRISON, 149 Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

Police Shortage?

T. W. Pennells

WILLIAM J. GAGE, in his article "Crime Gets Organized" (JOHN BULL, March 13) stated that the country is short of police.

I should like to know where. I have been trying for two years to join any force, so far unsuccessfully. I have excellent references, and have been passed as medically fit by several boards. —T. W. PENNELLS, 22 Alpha Street, Heavitree, Exeter.

German is Astonished

READING YOUR NEWSPAPERS, I am astonished indeed to find out that Sir Oswald Mosley is still alive. Now he has even got permission to publish his own weekly journal.

Most of the Germans are content because the German Fascists are made powerless. And in England what is there going on? Are the English Fascists *better* than the German Fascists, the so-called Nazis?—FRIEDRICH HAHN, Beginenland 20, Bremen, Germany.

Ninety-third Time Lucky

IN EXACTLY ONE YEAR I have written ninety-three letters to "Free Speech." In addition to providing mental stimulus, it has also been a test of patience waiting to see a letter in print.—HARRY DOUBLE, 16 Walnut Tree Walk, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

**** Press on, regardless. You can't afford to weaken so near your century!*—EDITOR.

P.S. On Religion

"Why can't we have one united Church where all would-be followers of Jesus, no matter what the extent of their belief in the supernatural, could meet on common ground?" asked Herbert Hodge in his article "Give Me a Faith Without Frills" (JOHN BULL, March 13). Here is a representative selection of readers' reactions.

IF HERBERT HODGE and those for whom he speaks would ally themselves with some phase of Christian endeavour instead of remaining outside until their particular blend of Christianity is catered for, the world and the churches would be better off.—*H. S. Davison, 2a Essendon Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.*

THE CHURCH DOES NOT compromise, because Jesus never did. There were no half measures for Him. One had to follow wholly or not at all.—*P. D. Ratcliff, 116 Broomhall Street, Sheffield, 3.*

IT IS ABSURD TO suggest that the Church, like the Vicar of Bray, should conform to changing standards of opinion. How often it would have to change!—*W. Gilbert, 11 Lawn Terrace, Blackheath, London, S.E.3.*

CHURCHES CANNOT AT present unite because, like the political parties, each sect believes it stands for some vital truth; although, apart from the Church of Rome, no branch of the Church would claim to possess all the truth.—*Harold Lee, Senior Curate, Macclesfield Parish Church, Cheshire.*

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH adheres to its trappings and stuffiness. Noncomformists stick to the idea that we must give up all the pleasures of life before we can be decently good. Jesus did not want us to "give up," but to make the very best use of all good things. Imagine a world with only very good people . . . no pictures, no pubs, no theatres, no fun, nothing to laugh at; banks full of savings and nothing to spend them on. Let our churches be sensible and they will fill those pews.—*A. Delamore, 159 Seymour Place, London, W.1.*

CAN'T THE CHURCH give us religion as Jesus himself gave it: simple and unadorned, not gloomy and mystical as it is today?—*Frederick S. Helpstead, 7 Little Hallam Lane, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.*

LIKE MANY OF OUR LORD'S contemporaries, Herbert Hodge believes only the easy things, the facts which happen to fit in with his own philosophy. "Frills" are rites and symbols pregnant with meaning. — *Frances Cox, Goosehill, Normanton, Yorkshire.*

HODGE IS RIGHT. Our churches are empty not because of indifference but because the ordinary man and woman believe in the grandeur of Christ's example, the inherent soundness of His teaching—but not in those accretions to faith which the Bishop of Birmingham has so courageously condemned.—*C. Midgley, Old Oak, Windermere.*

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

Continued from page 11

tance with one arm swinging loose and the crowd now hoo-ing and blaring on his side as a courageous fighter, and the loser's purse safely in his pocket.

That sort of thing went on all the while Mike was boxing. It went on even after he had finished and had started seconding.

Mike's last big fight happened when he was past his prime. He was still suffering from the effects of a previous fight, and went into the ring with his right arm so covered with bruises that he thought it would be out of action. But he fought on and nearly upset the wide boys by going the full distance before losing on points.

After that there was a transition period when he was half boxer and half second. And then he was finished altogether.

He turned to collecting empty bottles from the public houses, but there was not much of a living in it. Then he had a go at window cleaning, and has stayed at that ever since. To work as a second all the time would have been the best lark, but there is not enough regular employment in it to support a family man. The seconding and the window cleaning have to run side by side.

Before he could function as a second, Mike had to get a licence from the British Boxing Board of Control. They ask all sorts of questions about what you would do for your man in different circumstances; but with Mike's practical experience, that presented no difficulties.

You won't see him much at the big contests, but he'll be there in the corner, with the towel and the bucket, at qualifying bouts.

Too Big to Flap

His kit is modest: a white sweater, a pair of flannel trousers, tennis shoes. Usually, if he doesn't know the hall, he takes a small towel with him, because unfamiliar halls are liable to produce enormous things more like bath towels, which are quite impossible to flap.

Mike is on duty throughout the programme of six or eight bouts and his only set job is to flap the towel. Sometimes somebody will say: "You might look after the boy for me," in which case Mike will add to his brown-paper carrier some cotton-wool and a jar of Vaseline and, if he can get it, a bottle of Newskin. Vaseline goes into a cut and helps to stop the bleeding—Newskin will seal it up, if the other fellow doesn't reopen it too soon.

Mike may drop a useful hint here and there, but he doesn't go in for the melodramatic stuff in the corner, shouting advice to his man on what to do. For he knows that no boxer pays much attention to what the people at the ringside say. Nobody can judge unless he has a close-up view, and nobody has that except the boxer himself.

For his night's work, Mike collects a pound or thirty shillings from the promoter, but on top of that he can expect something from each boxer. Sometimes ten bob, sometimes five, sometimes only one.

The climb didn't win much in the end. Just a couple of cauliflower ears and a lot of memories. But it's forty-four years since he started at the game—at the age of eight and a weight of four stone—and he wouldn't want to lose all connection with it now.

DANDYISM isn't dead

by Peggy Carn

New Looks may come and go but men's fashions go on for ever, say some. Don't you believe it!

Male eccentricity in our time: outsize Oxford "bags" of the gay twenties. Inset picture shows 1907 ancestry of golfers' plus fours

MEN WOULD LIKE TO BELIEVE that they do not indulge in fashions. The *Tailor and Cutter* (a periodical which has faithfully chronicled and guided masculine taste in this country for nearly a century) expressed horror and amazement when I asked whether there might be a New Look for men.

It was therefore surprising to discover, on rummaging through the printed records of fifty years of men's fashions, that in fact there have been nearly as many changes in their wear as in women's.

"My love in her attire doth shew her wit," wrote a poet—and that is the sort of comment on her clothes any woman would be happy to hear.

But a man wants his clothes to make him look successful. Ideas of success vary slightly, and so do the clothes—professional men tend towards black coats and striped trousers, farmers go in for finest Bedford cord, bookmakers choose checks and ordinary men make quite sure that their best suits look as if they are never used for work.

Any noticeable change in men's fashions is sharply criticized, in case it should rob some worthy fellow of status.

Yet, between 1898 and the present day men have discarded at least one garment much more conclusively than women have discarded the crinoline. The frock-coat, which used to be the backbone of any masculine wardrobe, is now only seen on the stage. The morning-coat, its rival in smartness, has been relegated to weddings and State ceremonies.

Great-Grandpapa at Play

Both these garments were descendants of eighteenth-century riding costume; the costume adopted by our mid-Victorian great-grandpapas to symbolize luxurious leisure. The riding coat when originally worn had full front skirts which buttoned to the centre back to leave the wearer's knees free to grip his horse. These front skirts were eventually cut away—to make the cutaway coat which had a vogue of its own—but the centre back buttons stayed. Nowadays the obsolete buttons are still to be seen at the back of evening dress tail-coats; the only real relic of the eighteenth century left in a man's wardrobe.

At one point in the last fifty years men's fashions actually competed with women's for front-page eccentricity. In 1925, from a famous seat of learning, came Oxford "bags." Suddenly the short skirts and Eton crops of the fashionable girls were swept out of the news by a wave of flapping, full-sail trouser-legs, usually cut in grey flannel. The vogue was twice as dramatic then as it would be today, because men's trousers had always been very narrow.

It was a revolution quite as startling as the New Look. It made all pre-1925 suits old-fashioned overnight—and it has kept trouser-legs wide for nearly a quarter of a century.

Plus fours were another masculine innovation—an almost entirely new garment adopted by the sex which claims never to alter its styles. From a discreet, creased knickerbocker the plus four became a baggy, baby-blimpish affair almost down to the ankles. Its original connection with golf was ignored—in the late twenties and early thirties, every man who could afford a plus four suit bought one.

America has had a hand in the shaping of our island wardrobes since the nineteen thirties. American men, unlike the British, have not lost all desire to attract womenfolk through their appearance; as there are fewer women than men they need to make an effort.

Must Look a He-man

No American wears a tight coat—his coat is cut loose to give the notion that the man beneath is an athletic, muscular type who cannot be clamped into a close-fitting garment. He must have room to expand those mighty shoulders, to open that powerful chest. He must stress his maleness.

But his trousers are cut snugly round the hips to prove that he has no spare flesh, and he wears a belt instead of braces to mark the fact that he has a waistline. Men in America need to point out that they have figures. British tailors have slowly been absorbing American influences.

Now, in 1948, the masculine fashion trends are an odd mixture of he-man stuff and Edwardian memories.

The fancy of the moment is the fancy waistcoat — made in any colour from canary yellow to burgundy red. These gay little numbers blossom in the men's outfitters; the pullovers, also, go from strength to strength.

Trousers are to be narrower in the leg (says the *Tailor and Cutter*) and to have a wider turn-up. Yet with these "old-fashioned" waistcoats and trousers a man will wear a longer, looser jacket with a lower waistline. That's the American influence at work.

What the Future May Hold

Men may disclaim the New Look in their personal fashions, but they have no guarantee that some bright morning another Oxford "bags" movement won't sweep the country. The time is ripe for a battledress lounge suit, a one-piece sports garment, a hat with ear-flaps, or even for the revival of the old masculine vogue of corsets.

Our husbands, brothers, fathers and sons would follow any such fashion as slavishly as they follow present-day modes, but they would still fiercely claim that they have no fashions.

Men's tailors are despots much more merciless to their victims than are Parisian dress designers. Tailors present men with a couple of dozen pockets per suit, but allow only two of them to be made to hold anything thicker than a season ticket. Tailors refuse to use any but the heaviest, thickest materials, even for summer-weight garments. ("The shape of the suit would be ruined, sir.")

Tailors cling grimly to a garment design which can only be cut by a professional and sewn by another professional.

On the day when a man can buy a paper pattern of his new spring suit and run it up on a sewing machine in his own home—on that day masculine emancipation will truly be born.

with my feet up

Right, For a Change

A DAILY NEWSPAPER has been making inquiries round the shops and has come to the conclusion that we have come to the end of what has been called the "seller's market."

This "seller's market" is only another way of saying that the customer is always wrong.

From the shopkeeper's point of view, the rot first began to set in about a year after the war ended. At that time, one or two customers actually had the cheek to answer back if the assistant behind the counter said, "Don't you know there's a war on?"

Those were the days when, if you wanted a tin kettle, you had to buy the gas cooker to go with it, except that they hadn't a gas cooker.

It was still the time when you had to comb the town for a comb and go on your bended knees for a bended needle.

* * *

Now there are so many goods about that people only buy things when they want them, instead of buying things so they can boast to the neighbours.

Take oranges, for instance. They have been so plentiful that even the barrow boys have been giving correct weight in order to get rid of them before they went bad.

Consider clothes, too. I'll go out and buy a new suit or a shirt or a pair of shoes any time if someone will just give me the money and the coupons.

A few days ago, I saw a shop which was giving away a propelling pencil free with every diary sold. Recently I bought a box of matches and the man in the shop said, "Is one enough?" Some shops have reduced prices by ten per cent.

Good heavens, if this goes on, we shall find the Post Office having bargain sales in postal orders, and getting rid of twopenny-halfpenny stamps at two shillings a dozen.

* * *

One way by which the customer recognizes the end of the "seller's market" is by the sudden discovery that he is in the right.

He looks back on the days when he used to stand cringing in the greengrocer's, and remembers how he used to ask if the kind man could please, possibly, as a very great favour, be good enough to let him have just a teeny-weeny sprig of parsley—only to find himself a few seconds later sitting in the gutter with the shopkeeper bashing him on the head with the 2-lb. weight off the scales.

Nowadays, greengrocers even knock a few ounces of earth off the root vegetables before weighing them, hoping to encourage people to buy. Some have even been known to whittle away a few of the outside leaves of cauliflowers. But I'm still wondering whether all those nuts will keep until next Christmas.

by Ian Fox

Some people doing paper-organizing jobs think themselves far above those who work with spanners and shovels

As I was saying . . .

THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER

by Herbert Hodge

THIS WEEK I FEEL compelled to try to pull myself to pieces; and find out, if I can, what's wrong with me. The Editor has passed on to me a letter from a reader who is troubled by what she describes as the "rabble-rousing and one-sided stuff" I sometimes write on this page. She feels I'm "attacking the middle classes" and "fostering class hatred."

"Surely," she says, "anything said or written that helps to divide the classes instead of uniting them is unhelpful, not to say dangerous."

Letters like this always come as a bit of a shock to me because I see myself so differently.

I see myself as a chap slowly and rather clumsily groping about among all the conflicting opinions for a few grains of truth. I've never dreamed of myself as a rabble-rouser. The only time I ever met a rabble, I was speaking at a street corner, much too close to a horse trough. They threatened to throw me in. (That's how I knew they were rabble.)

But, far from trying to rouse them, I spent three-quarters of an hour earnestly striving to turn their thoughts to higher things—at the end of which I was very relieved to find they wanted to shake hands with me.

I wish I could feel as confident that I'm not "one-sided"; but I can't. It's probable I am a bit one-sided. I try not to be, but my working-class upbringing and half a lifetime spent as a manual worker have given me a deep feeling of comradeship and admiration for manual workers generally. And I rather think that does get into my writing—giving it a note that grates on some of my middle-class friends and leads them to accuse me of "class bias."

What I Might Have Been

A man for whose opinion I have a great respect once told me that, if I'd been born into an upper-class family I should have been very like the late Lord Curzon, one-time Viceroy of India and a byword, I'm told, for his aristocratic exclusiveness.

But (said this man) because I was born into a working-class family and had spent so many years of my life doing manual work, these aristocratic tendencies of mine had been twisted into an inverted snobbery which expressed itself, in my writings, as a vociferous championship of the working class.

I must add, in fairness to myself, that this chap was an Oxford Don and comes of an aristocratic family. So you've got to allow for *his* class bias, too—though I think he believes he hasn't got one.

That's the rum thing about this class business. It's always the other chap who's got the bias; especially the working-class chap. All the same, I feel there's a lot of truth in my friend's analysis—though I think I've outgrown the danger of inverted snobbery, especially since I've become, financially at least, a member of the middle classes.

My Lord Dustman

But I do tend to think in terms of the worker-aristocrat. My ideal is the aristocratic artisan, living in a classless society—a miner with the manners of a marquis; a dustman with the air of a duke. I know them so well. And I know they've got it in them. I'm trying to help them bring it out.

Far from trying to divide the classes or to foster class hatred, my aim is to lessen the divisions by trying to remove some of the ignorance that causes them. But I can't do that by pretending the divisions and the ignorance aren't there.

As a man constantly moving between the classes, I can't help being vividly aware of these divisions, and particularly of the fact that some of the people who do paper-organizing jobs or money-changing jobs, and especially some who don't do any work at all, think themselves far superior to people who work with spanners and shovels, and because they feel they're superior, they feel they're morally entitled to a larger share of the available goods and services than the wage earners.

If Anyone's to Get Extra

I don't agree. I believe in sharing the little we've got as fairly as we possibly can. And if anybody is to get any extra, I think the workers in the heavy industries ought to come first—because they need more food and wear out more clothes than those of us doing lighter jobs.

It was an article stating that belief which caused this lady to feel I was attacking the middle classes and fostering class hatred.

Well, I've carefully re-examined that article, and I've tried here to examine myself, and I still feel I'm not guilty. However mistaken I may be in thinking a dustman is entitled to eat as much as a duke, however biased I may be in favour of the manual worker and his wife, I can't see how I'm fostering class hatred by advocating fair shares.

I'm not conscious of feeling hatred towards anyone. Dukes, dustmen, grocers—I love 'em all; and their wives and families, too. All *I'm* trying to do is to help them love each other a little more.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

The Shopkeeper and the Swan

by JOSEPH MACLEOD

Continued failure had soured him. He felt he had to get his own back on life somehow—but even then he blundered

MR. WINRUSH WAS a small man, who kept a shop and had a deep sense of his own feebleness. He grew a moustache, to look more manly, and dressed his windows cunningly and chose his lines of goods with care. But year after year the public passed him by, and though he kept himself and his wife alive, he remained a small shopkeeper.

Mr. Winrush began to despise people for not giving him greater success. He would stand behind the glass partition, watching the faces of passers by, and trying to read their thoughts. But the faces were vacant and idiotic, as they stared or simpered at the goods in the window; and it looked as if they were not thinking at all.

Mrs. Winrush, whose eyes were set close together like a swan's, on each side of a narrow, flat, swanlike nose, in a thin, white, swanlike face, hated this habit of her husband's, which she said was bad for business. "Don't I scrimp and scrounge and scrape for you?" she demanded. "Don't I plot and plan every penny? And all you do is to stand like an idiot behind a glass door watching folks as brainless as yourself. You might just as well have a gun in your hand, the way you scare 'em away!"

At this Mr. Winrush would move obediently off, muttering that there couldn't be two heads to one business. "And if I wasn't the head of this one," Mrs. Winrush generally retorted, "there wouldn't be no business to be head of."

Little Mr. Winrush welcomed the war. "Now," he said to himself, "a man will have a chance." But he had no chance. They wouldn't allow him to volunteer, and never reached his age-group, and he deeply regretted not having joined the Territorials years ago, where at least, if you rose a bit, you could order people about. So there was nothing for it but to stay in the shop, day after day, despising the customers, and getting more and more sullen.

There were plenty of customers now, but no goods to sell; and Mr. Winrush's business grew poorer and poorer. The coupons bothered him, too; and every time he and Mrs. Winrush counted them, they had a quarrel.

One quarrel reached such a pitch that he could stand things no longer, and taking up a heavy hammer he smashed the glass partition to bits.

The crash and jingle gave Mrs. Winrush such a fright that she screamed: "That's right! Smash up the blasted shop! Next thing you'll be going for me."

The sound of her own scream and the image of her own death so frightened her that she had hysterics. In ran the people from the next shop and tried to calm her; but Mr. Winrush took no notice. He went out without a word and walked up the street to see his only friend. "She wants me to kill her," he kept thinking. "She ain't scared of it. She wants me to kill her."

The friend was sympathetic. "What you need," he said, "is sport, exercise, country air. Come round this evening, and we'll go duck-shooting."

After a good talk Mr. Winrush went back to his shop. Mrs. Winrush had recovered and was merely sour to him. He didn't look at her. He was afraid he would hate her too much. When the time came to shut the shop, he announced that he was going duck-shooting, and made for the door.

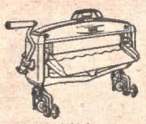
"Don't blow your useless fingers off," was all his wife replied. "Either shoot yourself dead or let yourself alone!"

The friend lent him a good gun, and they punted upstream to the fens, where they hid in the entrance to a backwater behind tall reeds and waited, a little water-spaniel sitting up at their feet with his tongue hanging out.

"Just like in the shop," thought Mr. Winrush. "But this time watching to kill!" He gave a sort of happy grin as he

The swans passed a few yards distant. To the gunner there came a mad thought

Mrs. Howard looks forward to the day her Acme comes "*You can be sure I'll wait*" she says



Mrs. Howard does her mother's washing as well as her own. With a husband and two children that's certainly a wash. "I know just how perfect my wash will be when I get an Acme," she says. "But I'm not grumbling about waiting. Acmes are doing a difficult job well, turning out so many and seeing to it all women have a chance, by sending them fairly all over the country. They've not been making Acmes of course for six years—and my husband tells me things like steel and so on are still very short. But nothing's going to make me have a second-best—I'm going to wait and have an Acme!"

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touched the cold power of the gun. But when duck flew over, the grin became a scowl. Though he had plenty of power, he had no skill. He never hit anything. He knew he had hit nothing, and it was no good his friend being polite. Time after time he popped away, for there was plenty to shoot at; and the sky grew darker.

"We'll go up to the next reach," said the friend tactfully. "The light's kind of difficult here."

In silence they punted up the stream. Now and then Mr. Winrush's friend splashed a little, with a tinkle of metallic drops.

The utter stillness was broken by a sound as if a dozen barbers were scrabbling their razors in water.

Round the bend floated two white swans and five dusky cygnets, luminous in the half-dark: seven necks, dabbing and shaking, and hunting fish round their breasts.

"Look out!" said the friend anxiously, "Best put into the reeds till they pass. A bit fierce, this pair. Mind you don't disturb them."

Little Mr. Winrush had no intention of disturbing them. He seldom went on the river, which was a strange place. He was cold and depressed and wanted to go home. And yet if he went home he would shoot no duck, and have failed. There was sharp conflict in his soul.

"Rum birds, swans," his friend said in a low voice that made the night even more mysterious, and brought up close the frogs' noises, and the queer bird noises, and the noise of the reeds softly rustling when there was no wind. "They mate for life, you know."

THE swans came nearer without seeming to move. One of the parents saw the men in the punt and the dog, and rose on its tail in the water, flapping its great wings, its neck stiff as a poker, hissing dangerously.

"Beautiful," the friend said with quiet admiration, "but powerful brutes, too! Ugly customers if they think you're going to interfere. Break a man's thing, they're that strong. And jealous, my word! This pair's driven off every other swan for a couple of miles."

"Ugly customers." The words ran through Mr. Winrush's head thickly, as the parent bird settled down again and oared itself with proud jerks into mid-stream. Behind it the cygnets formed up with a leisurely manoeuvre, like ships in column, the other adult bringing up the rear. A dead straight line. Long, effortless practice. "Just like battleships!" Mr. Winrush said aloud.

A mad thought came to him. He glanced at his friend, who had his back turned in the bow of the punt and was resting on the pole with one hand while he groped with the other for the painter, entangled in some reeds.

Beautifully the swans were passing, a few yards away, level, not hurrying. A family of aristocrats. Lords of the river.

Quietly Mr. Winrush raised his gun.

Simultaneously with the report, four things happened. The leading swan screamed, half-rose in the air, spread wing, collapsed, and was a jerking white shape on the water. The other swan and the cygnets vanished, as if wiped off glass with a sponge.

Mr. Winrush's friend gave a startled jump that sent him head-first into the river. And the punt, thrust out into the waterway by the shove of his feet, with Mr. Winrush and the whining dog in it, turned into the current and was carried downstream.

"You blithering idiot!" came the voice of the friend from the darkness of the reed-bed. "What the dickens did you want to do that for? Paddle the damn ship back! I'm stuck in this mud." Splashes and sucking noises showed he was trying to get to the bank.

Mr. Winrush searched the punt and asked where the paddle was. His friend replied with curses that he hadn't brought one. "Can I use the gun?" called Mr. Winrush, with the joy of an idea for action, and dipped the stock in the water.

His friend made an effort to throw him the pole, but only pushed himself deeper into the mud; and the pole fell short and drifted away from the punt.

Mr. Winrush did not care. He dabbed the gunstock in the water, humming with glee. He had shot a swan. He was a real man. He radiated power.

He tried to steer the punt nearer to the dying swan, whose struggles made ripples right across the stream.

But he didn't know how to handle a punt and it went in circles. That didn't matter. Nothing mattered. He began to sing.

His friend roared instructions from the reed-bed, grabbing the reeds and sedges as he did so. But Mr. Winrush barely heard him. Then the friend's blood was curdled by a hideous sound.

IT was a wild screech, harsh, terrible, and in motion. With it, a clapping noise, increasing in loudness and velocity, like the slap of a broken piston being accelerated. A white shape with wings that seemed to reach to both banks flashed past, its neck poised like a bayonet.

So swift, that the screech hung in the air behind it. So heavy that its thud against the punt shocked the friend's ears. He saw Mr. Winrush rising in the punt with a half-suppressed wail of "No!" trying to swing the gun by the barrel. Then he shut his eyes.

He heard Mr. Winrush call to him by his Christian name like a terrified child. There was a deep splash: strong movement of some kind: then silence.

When he opened his eyes the empty punt was almost round the bend. The living swan was floating behind it, abreast of its mate, now just a quivering white bundle, which it poked in a puzzled way, and every now and then jerked up its long neck, listening.

He waited for Mr. Winrush to come to the surface, though he did not know what he would do when he did. "It'd never have dared, never have dared," he kept thinking, "if we'd kept together." This helped him not to think what would happen when Mr. Winrush came up.

But Mr. Winrush never came to the surface that night.

The friend stood where he was for an hour before he was sure the swan wouldn't come back for him. "If we'd only kept together," he repeated, moving slowly and frozenly through the reed-bed, "it'd never have dared. Not if we'd kept together, that it wouldn't."

Chattering, shivering, shocked, he made his way home, where he found his little wet dog still whimpering at the door; and after rubbing himself down and changing his clothes, he went round to the police station.

Neither Mrs. Winrush nor the surviving swan ever mated again.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Divorce and Remarriage

A READER asks several questions about divorce. He writes:

"Can you tell me where I can apply for a copy of the decree nisi, and what will it cost? What length of time has to elapse before a divorced person can remarry?

"The divorce papers served on me stated that no costs or maintenance were being claimed, but I was already paying maintenance under a court order. The divorce proceedings were concluded three months ago. Can I now discontinue these payments?"

A copy of the decree nisi can be obtained from the Divorce Registry, Somerset House, London, W.C.2, for 5s. It is, however, more important to get a copy of the decree absolute. This can be obtained from the same address, and the cost is 7s. 6d. by post.

A divorced person can only remarry when he (or she) has a certified copy of the decree absolute.

If a man is paying maintenance under the order of another court (usually a magistrates' court) he will have to continue doing so until he applies—to the court where it was made—to have it discontinued.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be addressed to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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WHAT better tonic for the hard work ahead than a carefree holiday for two as JOHN BULL's guests?

Thanks to our great 1948 Holiday Prize campaign launched today, well over 250 readers can enjoy glorious holidays at JOHN BULL's expense—some by lovely Lake Lucerne, others in Blackpool, Brighton, Bournemouth and other seaside resorts in Britain. A few well-chosen words on that *Bullets* coupon below can bring you a £500 cheque and unforgettable prize holiday for two in Switzerland or by the sea. And a carefully considered entry for this week's fascinating Crossword can solve your holiday problem, too.

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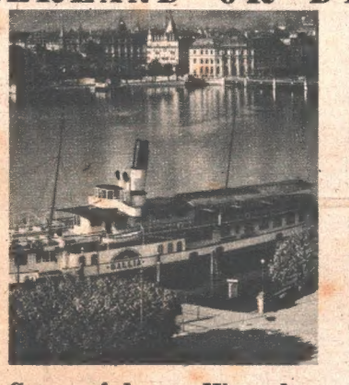

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1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated May 1, also, Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

SEND FOR THIS GUIDE!

"Without the help of *Bullets Bulletin*," said Sergeant-Major C. Smith, Warley, one of last year's Swiss holiday winners, "I would not have won this wonderful prize."

With the label below *you* can secure a copy of this bright little weekly, brimful of news and views about *Bullets* and Crosswords—just the guide you need to score a big holiday prize success!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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On Westminster's Stage
In Czechoslovakia
To Pull Us Through
The Iron Curtain
Marshall Aid
Won't It Be Nice When
Sowing The Seeds
Wonderful Thing
Maze Of Regulations
Knocked Off
For A Holiday
Now We've Television
Mother's Lamb
Meaningless
Scum Of The Earth
Job For Grandpa
Notice To Quit
She's Spring-cleaning, So
Over The Garden Wall

Incomplete "Examples" — see instructions

Taxpayer's.....
.....Moved And
Growing.....
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Same Old.....
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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues **XWORD 576**

1. It's natural for these to rise
2. Even if there aren't many people about, you'll probably see one if it's raining
6. Correct any error and you can expect a perfect one
7. Many an artist has had to work hard and long on unattractive this
11. State of weather usually affects
13. Can well be employed to prevent people being injured
15. German ones are down in the mouth

Down Clues

3. Commonly found in field where sports are being held
4. There's usually this in election result
5. There are tumblers of this
8. Britain wouldn't be Britain without
9. Many people don't seem to know what this is
10. Can sometimes be described as angry
12. These should arrive on time
14. There's nothing clever in having

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FIRST PRIZE, £300: Mrs. J. Thomson, The Gardens, Kelty, Fife: ANYTHING BUT FLATTERING—"LIBERTY" *Masaryk* CHOSE, COMMUNISTS!

SECOND PRIZE, £25: Mrs. D. I. Gordon, 11 Old Station Road, Inverurie: WAY WE LIVE—ALMOST "*May* WE LIVE?"

THIRD PRIZE, £10: C. H. Lawdham, 22 Twyford Court, N.10: ANYTHING BUT PALATABLE — IF PETROL "TOUCHES" FOOD.

OTHER AWARDS: £9: A. Tyreman, 10 Glenaire, Windhill, Shipley: PLENTY FOR ALL — *Either* WAY ATOM'S USED! £8: N. G. Minto, 7 Cedar Grove, Prestwich: SIMPLY SMOKE—BUT INDUSTRY'S "BATTLE PENNANTS." £7: Miss A. Adams, 20 Sunray Ave., Herne Hill, S.E.24: A MASTERPIECE — FULL OF FLAWS, MAN! £6: G. W. Pennell, Flat 5, 36 Compayne Gardens, N.W.6: ROCKS AHEAD — PRODUCTION "WAVE" COULD PULVERIZE.

FIVE OF £5: Mrs. D. Burgin, 50a Bankfield Road, Huddersfield: WITH BOTH HANDS—NATURE GIVES, GIVEN HAND. Miss C. Cooke, 193 Kinson Rd., Bournemouth: ANYTHING BUT CERTAINTY—PEACE, SO "BACK" *Heavily*! H. G. Hindle, 12 Moor Terrace, Bradford: THE BEST PEOPLE—UPPER CLASS? *Above* "CLASS"! C. Padwick, 46 Beech Grove, Guildford: WAS IT MINERAL, OR—VEGETABLE, THAT "MEAT" PIE? A. H. Watson, 5 Trafalgar Place, Plymouth: CALLS FOR A TALK— — COMMUNISM — BECOMES *Only* "VOICE."

Twenty Prizes of £1 and 1,948 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

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4 BIG CHEQUES WON

XWORD 572

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FOUR £100 SHARERS: Mrs. E. Beecroft, 75 The Grove, Wheatley Hills, Doncaster; F. Blackwell, 16 West Gardens, Ewell, Surrey; A. Cawood, 58 Garnet Terrace, Leeds, 11; F. T. Robinson, Bell Lane, Minchinhampton, Glos. Winners receive Surprise Parcels in addition.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 27 entrants.

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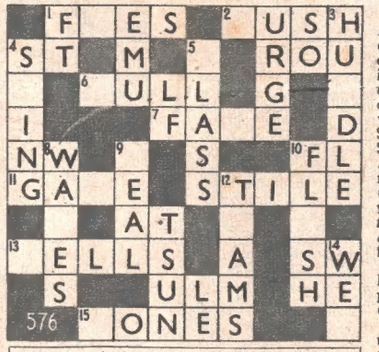

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Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

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